

# Scandinavia

A Monthly Review.

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VOL. 2.

JULY, 1885.

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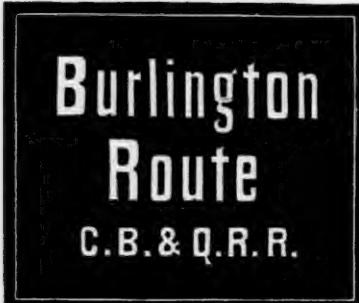
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## FROM HOME.

The political contest in the Scandinavian countries is largely a struggle simply for power. This has lately been conspicuous in Norway, and is still expressed in a very rude way in the present angry debate in Denmark. The contesting forces can only be understood from the history of former times, specially by the development of the social classes. It is easier to see how the present differences have arisen than to discern definite ideas and policies on the opposite sides. Still there are certain differences in views underlying the apparent egoistic struggle for political power, the often vain and empty warring of the party leaders.

The difference can shortly be stated as, on one hand, the American and radical English view of public matters, on the other hand the usual continental European idea of government. The actual difference between the United States of America and parliamentary England on one hand, and most of the countries on the European Continent on the other hand, is not so much that between republic and monarchy. There is a much greater divergence than in the mere form of government. The people in America and in England conceive that the Government and the State exist for the sake of the people, and not the people for the sake of the State. On the continent of Europe we still generally find the old classical idea that the State is the highest in existence, that the happiness of the individuals, even of the great majority, has to give way for the supposed interest of the State. The men of the great French republic, at the end of the last century, had the classical idea; it made them strong in moving society and States; but it was not conducive to the happiness and prosperity of the nation. The great German philosopher Hegel was entirely classical in his doctrine of the State and the right of the State. Modern Prussia is built practically on this idea, and the whole modern German movement, from the vague national ideas to the actual formation of the German Empire, was

nourished by the same sentiment and doctrine. The man who achieved the greatest feat in modern politics—the transformation of the downtrodden Italian populations into the free, united Italy—Cavour—was a pronounced adherent of the American-English conception. But the present strongest statesman, Bismarck, is decidedly a great representative of the strong and predominating State.

In no other part of practical politics is this difference in the fundamental political view of greater significance than concerning the military organization. Practically this is a more important difference than that between the republican and the monarchical form, that the United States do not demand any considerable service or payment of taxes for military purposes. Neither the States nor Canada have virtually any standing army or any navy. There are other reasons why people are happier in America than in Europe, but one is, that they do not have to give some of their best years and a large part of all their earnings to the sustaining of the military power, even in time of peace. England, with its grand Asiatic and colonial Empire, can not dispense with its army and navy, but it pays its soldiers, and military conscription can as little be thought of there as in America.

Now, if anything is characteristic of the democratic and liberal parties who are in the ascendancy in the Scandinavian countries, then it is their preference for this American and partly English system. They are not unwilling to grant burdens in time of danger, and they will then probably be still more willing to give life and blood than to give money; but they are absolutely opposed to heavy military expenses in time of peace. These parties of peasant farmers may, as we have formerly mentioned, still have too much of ignorance and prejudice, and too little of the lofty ideas and the high morals of the educated classes; but they are undoubtedly right, as well, on the whole, in their demand for a simple and economical administration as specially in their refusal of

costly armaments of only little practical use for their small countries. There are some differences in the three countries, but the tendency is everywhere the same.

Norway has never had much more than a militia—some few paid soldiers, mainly a very short actual service, and only few later exercises. Recently the wishes of the Minister of War, Mr. Daae, went a little farther than those of the Premier, Mr. Johan Sverdrup. The personal opinion of the king was with Mr. Daae, and some enemies of the new Government even regarded a new, more moderate, Cabinet as a possible outcome. Mr. Daae had, however, to resign, and Mr. Sverdrup will now carry through his ideas of a popular army or militia. The Storthing is hardly willing to vote money to the annual exercises of the older soldiers. At the same time, the few men of war are furnished in the most scanty manner with ammunition and provisions, and are without a sufficient number of subordinate officers. Next to Switzerland, no country in Europe is more parsimonious in military affairs.

Sweden has from olden times a rational system, a mixture of militia, some few regiments of hired soldiers, and a greater number of professional peasant soldiers paid by the use of small farms spread all over the country. It is natural that a good many in Sweden, with its position as the leading Scandinavian power, and with the reminiscences of former military and political greatness, have wished the introduction of a more modern military organization. The attempts of many years, and of several Cabinets, especially made to obtain a better organization of the militia or "beväring," have, however, after a prolonged contest, finally resulted in a compromise adding twelve days to the thirty days' military exercises, and at the same time as a kind of compensation to the peasant farmers, making a reduction of the burdens on the farms of thirty per cent. Even this small change was only carried by the greatest exertions, and a number of the constituencies seem still to be highly displeased with this small extension of the service. Especially are the yeomen of the rich, once Danish, provinces of Skåne, Halland and Blekingen vehemently complaining. If patriots of the upper classes have seriously thought of imitating the Prussian, or even the Danish, military system, they must, at all events, now have seen how utterly impossible this is with the present sentiments of the people.

Denmark has, after its two wars with the Germans, naturally a stronger military organization.

Still, there is the greatest difference between the Prussian system and the Danish short service—for most of the soldiers of only five months, with some short later exercises—and the actual difference during the present political contest, besides the fight for political power, concentrates more and more in the question of more armaments, considerable increase of the navy, and specially, costly fortification of Copenhagen and of some other points. It must be admitted that military, like all other existing organization, nearly always represents a certain capital, the result of former development which would be lost by changes; that, furthermore, the moral effects of a strong defense have a certain significance, even if the practical results for a small country, always actually dependent on its strong neighbors, do not correspond to sacrificing most of the taxes for such a purpose. It is also natural that the army officers themselves, and others connected with the old organization, look on these matters differently from the mass of the people. And it is patriotic that the upper classes, as a rule, are willing to make great sacrifices for what they regard as the honor of the nation. It is, however, the true and progressive idea which is represented by the party of the Left when it seriously opposes still greater military expenses. For a small state like Denmark, not even in organized political connection with the other Scandinavian countries, there can not be a question about any practical utility corresponding to the loss of capital and personal force. The time is past when, as in the last German wars, the Danish navy at least could save Sealand and adjacent small islands, and a fortified Copenhagen would now in case of war between the great powers, rather invite occupation. Even for the great nations, we do not believe it will in the long run, increase the national power to sacrifice, in time of peace, immense amounts to preparations for war, which, in most cases, have to be made over again when war actually comes. It enfeebles, diminishes capital and drives a number of young men out of the countries, and a good many of these preparations, as for instance ships and fortifications, are often useless when the time for use comes. Even in case of war, we regard nations like the unarmed American and the half-armed English, as stronger than Russia, and in the long run probably even than Germany. For all reasons we shall prefer that our Scandinavian countries, as wished by their popular majorities, follow the American and English system.

N. C. FREDERIKSEN.

## MEDIÆVAL SONGS OF THE NORTH.

*From Notes of K. Lyngby's Lectures.*

BY J. S. GRAM.

During the progress of the Reformation the common classes of the people grew keenly attentive to the great theological discussion that was then agitating Europe from Rome to the North Cape. The reformators at an early stage of the struggle appealed their case directly to the people, and to thoroughly arouse them addressed them in their native language. It was a perfect revelation to the common man that spiritual matters could be publicly discussed in any other tongue than the mystic Latin of the church. The art of printing had then been lately invented, and in a short time had reached a wonderful degree of perfection; it was quickly turned to advantage by the reformators, and a flood of popular literature was poured out through town and country and greedily devoured: translations of the bible, prayer-books, sermons, psalms and all manner of agitatory pamphlets in verse and prose.

At the same time the communities were everywhere harangued. This widespread discussion made writers and readers, and naturally gave rise to an unwonted interest in general literature. The study and development of national languages in consequence made great strides forward. What existed of folk-lore came to light, and the seeds of national literature were sown. It is due to this universal literary awakening that so many of the mediæval songs have been preserved. In Denmark it became a fashion in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, especially among ladies of nobility, to write these songs down from the very lips of the peasants where they had been kept alive for so many hundreds of years. The number of Danish songs thus rescued from oblivion is said to be 1,350. The original manuscripts have been preserved and a list of them is given by Svend Grundtvig (1847). The oldest one of them is that of Karen Brahe, in the library of the Maiden Cloister at Odense, from the middle of the sixteenth century, probably copied from an earlier one dating back to the beginning of the same century. A manuscript in the Gymnasial library of Linköping, Sweden, is still older, but contains only the first seven stanzas of one song. There is also left us a manuscript by A. S. Vedel's father-in-law, Svanning, from the sixteenth century.

The Danish folk-songs (Kømpeviser) appear in the following collections:

1. Edition of Anders Sørensøn Vedel: One hundred selected Danish songs, printed in Ribe, 1591. This collection was undertaken by the special request of Frederick II's queen, Sophia, at a meeting with Vedel on the Isle of Hven, as the guests of the astronomer Tycho Brahe.

2. Collection of Per Syv: One hundred Danish songs with another hundred added, edited 1655.

3. Nyerup and Sandö: Remnants of Mediæval Poetry, 1780-84.

4. Abrahamson Nyerup and Rahbek: Selected Danish songs from the middle ages, 5 vols., 1812-14.

5. Svend Grundtvig: Ancient folk-songs of Denmark, 1853-56-62.

The Norwegian folk-songs have been collected by N. B. Langstad: Norwegian folk-songs, Christiania, 1853, and by Sofus Bugge, 1854.

The Swedish folk-songs have been edited, (1) by Geijer and Afzelius: Swedish folk-songs, Stockholm, 1814-16, with an important introduction by Geijer; (2) by Arwidsson: Ancient Swedish songs, Stockholm, 1834-42, and (3) by Stevens and Hyltén Cavallius: Swedish historical and political songs, Örebro, 1853. Songs from the Færö Islands have been collected by Hammarshem: Færö songs (Sjúrdar Kvodi, published in the issues of the Northern Society for Literature).

The Icelandic songs have been collected by Sigurdson and Grundtvig.

German translations of Danish songs. We have from Grimm (Heidelberg, 1811) and from Therese Jacobson (Leipzig, 1840).

Svend Grundtvig divides the folk-songs into four grades: (1) Heroic songs, (2) Witchery songs, (3) Historical songs, (4) Songs of the Knighthood.

To the *Heroic Songs* belong those that have drawn their subjects from mythological and historical traditions. Thus the song of "Tord of Haffsgaard" is an evident rendition of the well-known myth of the god Thor's (Thor of Asgaard) journey to Jotunheim to bring his stolen hammer back, from the Eddasong "Hamarsheimt." The names are corrupted, but perfectly recognizable. The "Sveidal (or Svendal) song," according to Grundtvig, corresponds to the ancient "Grogaldr" and "Fjolsvinsmál," poems of great age and difficult of interpretation (Sofus Bugge's essay on Sveidals visen, Christiania, 1861).

The hero in these songs, first and last, is Sigurd Fafnersbane. We find him in the song of "Sivard Snarensvend," in "Sivard and Brynhilde" (corresponding to Sigurdarkvida) in "The Kinsmen's

Revenge" (*Atlabrida*), and in "Krimhilde's Revenge" (*Niebelungenlied*). Another hero is Didrik of Bern. Certain songs treat of traditions found in *Saxo*, such as "Hagbarth and Signe." To the same group also belongs the song of "Holger Danske" (*Holger the Dane*), who, in the middle ages, posed as the personification of the Danish Nationality in opposition to the German; hence his collision with Didrik of Bern.

The *Witchery Songs* treat of dwarfs, nixies, mermaids and mermen, elfins, mountain-goblins, etc. (personifications of the occult powers of nature), of runes, and all sorts of magic sorcery, transmutations,\* and the like. We refer to songs as "German Gladensvend," the "Wolf Maiden," etc.

To the *Historical Songs* belong such ballads as "Valdemar and Tove," "Dagmar and Bengerd,"

"Marsk Stig," "Marsk Stig's Daughters," "Ranulf Jonsön's Death," "Nils Ebbesen,"† and that of "Christian II.," an allegory where King Christian is represented as the "Old Eagle" who is driven away by the hawks, much to the distress of all the small birds in the woods. The historic songs at times treat of Norwegian and Swedish episodes (*Birger Jarl*), but in no instance are German subjects introduced.

Examples of *Nightly Songs* are the ballad of "Axel and Valborg" (from the middle of the fourteenth century), the "Robbery of the Monastery," "Helena and Paris," "Gundelil and Sir Palle," which latter, contrary to the habitual tone of these songs, is satirical.

The Folk-songs generally appear under the form of four-lined stanzas, the second and fourth lines rhyming, exceptionally the lines rhyme two and two; to them is invariably attached the burden (refrain), the office of which, according to Geijer, is to indicate, (1), the main action of the song; (2), some general sentiment, or (3), the particular moral of the song, and as a fourth might be added, (4), the part where the chorus started dancing.

Grundtvig, in his investigations of the time of origin of the Folk-songs adopts the theory of contemporaneity: that the ballad and its subject-matter are contemporaneous, and setting out from this point demonstrates that the greatest number of them are older than 1300 and that the time

from 1150-1300 was the period of their bloom. Between 1100 and 1150 he shows that a number of German and Netherlandish songs have immigrated. During the period from 1000 to 1100 he supposed that the recasting of ancient Norse songs into Christian Folk-songs has taken place. It is related of King Canute the Great, himself, that he composed a ballad.

Nyerup and Rabbek place the bloom of the Folk-songs at the time of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. P. E. Müller (*Literatur-Tidende*, 1884) distinctly differs from the hypothesis of contemporaneity—at any rate holds that it cannot be taken as a firm point, inasmuch as there appears to be no reason why a popular tradition should not arise a long time after the transpiration of the fundamental facts it is based upon.

With regard to establishing the age of the oldest Folk-songs the question is pertinent at what time in history the alliteration (rhyme of consonants) has been superceded by the end-rhyme; and it is unquestionably putting it too early—at the year 1000. We find many traces of alliteration in the songs used by *Saxo* about 1200; the original alliterative consonants can be readily reproduced by translating from his Latin text back into the ancient Danish tongue—i. e.: Starkodder's lays on the Bravallabattle.

Who are the authors of these songs? We know not. The commonly accepted theory is that no one person can be credited with the paternity, but that they have sprung rather from the very people itself as a spontaneous growth and found their final form through the friction of continual use during ages. Others (among them N. M. Petersen) maintain that they have originated from individual bards, and are inclined to suppose they have descended from the halls of the knighthood to the lower spheres of the people, and there found a soil which brought forth perpetual blossoming. To this view again it might be, and has been, objected that the songs in many cases act as spokesmen for the public sympathies and antipathies of the lower against the higher classes (songs of King Valdemar, of the Queens Dagmar and Bengerd and of King Christian II, the Old Eagle, etc.) But whoever may be the authors, these songs have certainly come down to us directly from the people as the contribution of the masses to the long era of history where they had found no outlet for their emotions, blames and praises—and such as they are they reflect with naive faithfulness the costumes, views, usages, superstitions and

\* Very common is the transmutation into wolves—"Varulv," from the Norse "verr" (Latin vir) and wolf.

† The song of Nils Ebbesen is particularly remarkable for vivid descriptions, and is of great historical value, as it contains nearly all the information that is left us of the famous liberator, except the mere name.

aspirations of the lowly during all the generations from the conquest of Christianity in the north to the time of the Reformation.

**To ROSALIE.**

"THE STORY OF ROSALIE."

Up from my heart's recesses,  
In dream-wrought draperies,  
Thy spirit often presses  
Among my phantasies.

Thou art so beauteous to me,  
In thy pale, tremulous gown;  
I am no longer gloomy,  
My brow can hold no frown.

Yet, spite of my persuading,  
Ere long thou art away—  
No charm can keep thy fading,  
Sweet soul, till break of day.

Thou comest and thou goest,  
Still, shadowy, silently;  
My heart's the shrine thou knowest,  
I'll keep it sweet for thee.

And none shall know thy story,  
Until thine eyes renew  
The sombre old brown glory  
That gleamed ere they withdrew.

FREDERICK PETERSON.

**THREE NORTHERN SCULPTORS.**

BY MARIA SOLTER.

[Continued from June Number.]

III.

BISSEN.

Hermann Wilhelm Bissen was born 1798, in Slesvig City, but in his first year he moved with his parents to a farm, and his first artistic performances were to draw and mold the animals and anything else he saw there. While the first material which Fogelberg used were the turnips he could lay hold on in his mother's kitchen, Bissen used most anything; licorice, for instance, and in winter time snow, which he made more lasting by pouring water upon it.

Like Freund and Fogelberg, Bissen was by his parents destined to be a mechanic—to learn the trade of a cabinetmaker; but fate willed it otherwise. Bissen was taken sick just at the time he was to begin his apprenticeship, and was kept in the house a whole winter. During this confinement he studied the books of his father's small library, some of which were illustrated, and he copied the illustrations. The accuracy of his

drawings attracted the attention of some of his father's friends, among them a painter, who valued the talent of the boy, and they furnished him with means to go to Copenhagen and study three years at the Academy of Fine Arts. He did go, and worked very diligently, but he felt lonely in the capital, and had so little confidence in his own merit that after two years' stay he left Copenhagen and went back to Slesvig with the intention of going to Germany. It then happened that Prince Christian (the same mentioned in connection with Freund) visited Slesvig, and that some patrons of Bissen spoke of him to the Prince, who, after seeing his drawings, sent him back to Copenhagen with promise of support.

Thus encouraged, he did return and took up his pursuits at the academy, with a view of becoming a painter. He obtained a prize, and could already earn something by taking portraits, but continued to model *con amore*. One of the professors, who noticed his great facility in molding the clay, encouraged him to go on, and when in 1821 he was to compete for the smaller golden medal, he hesitated whether to choose the brush or the clay, and a mere accident decided for him.

Unable to make up his mind to the last moment, he entered the room equipped for either emergency, and intending to let the subject decide. But on receiving the subject, he found it might be treated both ways equally well, and while absorbed in this perplexity, he was playing with his spatula and broke it. Unable now to mix his colors, he resolutely took hold of the clay, which won him the prize.

At the yearly exhibition in the spring of 1822, he exhibited a statue of Orpheus, which made so good an impression that he got orders from the building commission to decorate the ceiling of the same chapel for which Freund had made his Luke, and he made the four exquisite angels that seem to hover under the cupola of the palace-church; and he also made some bas-reliefs for the side-aisles. Next year he received the greatest prize of the academy and stipends for traveling, and the year 1825 saw him arrive in Rome. He had made about the same route as Freund, but he was less prepared to profit by what he saw; he had by no means the mental culture which Freund had when he left home.

At Rome Bissen was for a long while bewildered and discouraged; he doubted his own calling. Thorvaldsen made an overwhelming impression upon him. In despair he destroyed the first figure he made after his arrival at Rome, a sleep-

ing Bacchante; but had not Thorvaldsen destroyed his first attempt at "Jason"? He found it very difficult to cut in marble, got vexed and impatient; still Thorvaldsen, in a letter to the Prince, gave Bissen the testimony that "he showed much talent in all what he undertook."

His excursion with Freund to Naples and Sicily has already been mentioned; on their return he remained the whole summer in Naples, while Freund left for Rome. Bissen returned to Rome in the fall, and after making several bas-relieves he began his first larger statue "The Flower Girl," which, in 1830, he did in marble for Prince Frederik, and had to make a duplicate for a private gentleman.

His next work was a colossal bust in marble of Thorvaldsen, and this is the first of a remarkable series of portrait busts of celebrated men which he did during his lifetime. Hardly any distinguished compatriot of his time has been omitted; if he had no orders for doing them, he did them for the love of doing them; and he made many of foreigners, too. After the late fire at Christiansborg the writer has seen them, or casts of them, on the floor of a store-room, where they are kept, till a better place can be provided for them; they number upward of two hundred.

Bissen had great regard for Raphael and the Pre-Raphaelites, and he studied them carefully, visiting Tuscany on purpose to study these old masters, while he could not appreciate later painters. In the truest sense Bissen may be said to be a pupil of Thorvaldsen, though not in a literal sense. He did not wish to work in the great master's studios, but he visited them frequently and studied the masterpieces produced there, and he gratefully took advice from Thorvaldsen, of whom he stood almost in awe, considering him as an "etre à part." While yet in Rome, he executed the colossal statue of Guttenberg, for Mayence, and also the bas-relieves on the pedestal, all after Thorvaldsen's design, and to the perfect satisfaction both of the master and of the citizens of Mayence, who showed their gratification by a handsome gratuity to Bissen.

Bissen left Rome for Denmark in the year 1834, and it was there that he struck the same path as Fogelberg and Freund. His first work after his return was a statue of a Valkyrie, which was his reception piece for the academy; he became a member in 1835. And now Bissen was favored with an invitation from the commission of public works, to make a frieze for one of the large rooms in Christiansborg, and he worked at it for five years.

Of this famous frieze—"one of the most important works of modern sculpture"—there is no trace left after the fire, and it will not, like the Ragnarok frieze, be restored. It represented Bacchus and Ceres spreading civilization to humanity. Of his Valkyrie it was said that it was too Greek, and of this frieze it has been said that it was not Greek enough. To be sure, Bissen would disengage himself from tradition, and a wonderful piece of work it was. It contained no less than three hundred figures three feet high, and covering an extent of 260 feet.

Bissen had entered into marriage in the fall of 1835. Like his friend, Freund, he chose for wife a woman he had known before he set out in the world, and, as already mentioned, she happened to be a friend of Freund's wife, so the relations between the two families were very intimate and happy. Bissen had five children—one son is a sculptor, another is a landscape painter.

But Bissen's enjoyment of life was greatly impaired by all-health; he suffered much from rheumatism and toothache, and his strong will only forbade them to check his pursuit of art. He was often confined to his bed, but even there he worked—either composing or studying, and he preserved a remarkable equanimity during most agonizing bodily pains. His sweet temper and mature mind made his conversation always attractive to his friends.

While Bissen worked at the frieze, he also made a number of portraits, both busts and statues. Of the latter must be mentioned A. S. Ørsted (the legislator), done in marble, a little above natural size; Mrs. Heiberg (the actress), also in marble; Thycho Brahe (the astronomer), cast in bronze. Less irreproachable are, perhaps, Øhlschlæger (the poet), and Frederik VI., both in bronze. The sculptor, Scholl, who excelled in marble cutting, assisted him in finishing the marble statues.

It was when Bissen had about finished his large frieze on a Greek subject that Freund died, as we know, without having finished his northern frieze, and Bissen took it upon himself to finish it and compose the additional groups required for the larger halls, then granted. Bissen also became Freund's successor as professor of sculpture at the academy. Bissen not only finished the Ragnarok frieze and had it put in its place, but he exhumed Luke from undeserved oblivion, proved that it had just the right size for the niche where it was intended to stand, and where it now stands, an ornament for the church of Christiansborg—and

then (1841) he departed for Italy with his family, hoping to recover his health in a southern climate.

While in Rome Bissen made the noble statues of Minerva and Apollo that adorn the entrance hall of the University in Copenhagen; also Victory leading her team of four, now cast in bronze and placed at the front of Thorvaldsen's Museum. The design of the latter is suggested by Thorvaldsen.

The climate of Italy did Bissen no good, but our great art-critic, Hagen, thinks to observe a noticeable change, or rather progress, in the development of Bissen's genius after his second sojourn in Rome, and many beautiful productions were the result. It is impossible to mention them all, the following, however, cannot be passed in silence: "Orestes," a soul agonized by remorse; "Philoctet," a man suffering bodily torture; and "Achilles in Anger," all equally expressive. No one figure of Bissen is, perhaps, more universally known than "Cupid whetting his arrow." It is a charming conception, full of child-like archness.

The works of Bissen that give him a place in this trio of northern sculptors were made for the adornment of the queen's staircase in the palace. He made for this purpose eighteen female statues of colossal size as follows: On the first landing the four most noble queens of northern history, Thyra, Dagmar, Margareth and Philippa; of the other fourteen he choose seven from northern and seven from Greek mythology, opposite each other, but so ingeniously conceived that some analogous subject from each group is placed opposite each other. There are Sigrid and Amymone, Ingeborg and Elektra, Brynhild and Antiope, Gudrun and Andromache, Nanna and Aleeste, Thora and Andromeda, Alvitra and Atalante. He had made Gudrun already in the year 1850; he finished them in 1858. "The sustained character of the different themes with which Bissen has known to imbue these different personalities strikes the beholder." The costumes are well chosen and no lack of harmony, though northern and southern traditions, meet here.

It has been said that Bissen had three passions. He loved his art, his country and his family passionately, and many of his works of art bear testimony to his love of his country. When the three years' war with Prussia about the dukedoms was victoriously concluded in 1850, Bissen gave a noble expression to triumphant joy in his "Citizen Soldier," cast in bronze and raised in Fredericia Jutland. There was a general demand for a monument to commemorate the greatest victory of

the war, won near that city, and a competition of artists was opened, in which Bissen won the prize. He had been particularly interested in this war; it was his native home that had been the bone of contention, and his heart beat with satisfaction at being a Danish and not a Prussian citizen. The monument represents a plain soldier of our days in his unpoetical equipment, but he swings our native beach-branch over his head as a palm of victory—this symbol chosen being founded on a true occurrence in the war,—putting his right foot on a conquered field piece and his face beaming with victory. The expression, the life-like naturalness, lends sufficient poetry to the plain soldier. It is a very successful achievement, this matter-of-fact figure, suddenly here introduced within the pale of art. "This soldier marks a decided and full conscious beginning of modern realism in plastic art."

And as truly as Bissen had known how to give expression to the jubilant triumph, as truly did he interpret all the sadness of warfare in a bas-relief that is placed on a monument over the "Warriors' Grave," also found in Fredericia. It represents two soldiers carrying a fallen comrade to his grave. The lion, also by Bissen, raised at Flensburg was destroyed by Prussian barbarians when, in 1864, they succeeded better than in 1848-50. Nobler enemies were the Austrians who, at the same time, did honor to our patriotism by protecting the soldier in Fredericia and fencing it in.

The above-mentioned were a beginning of a series of national monuments made by Bissen and raised in different parts of our country. The last was the colossal equestrian statue of Frederick VII., the giver of political freedom to the Danish people. It was cast in bronze and raised in front of the palace of Christiansborg.

While Bissen had had his love for his country gratified, his domestic affection suffered a sad shock when his wife, the love of his youth, died in 1850, and it is a touching passage in the artist's life that after her death he made her likeness from remembrance. Sitting with her work dropped in her lap, she looks up so life-like, so sweet, that nobody can doubt that it is a true likeness, expressive of her affectionate approval of her husband's doings. There is a charm over this figure that is inexpressible.

No sculptor's studio in Denmark has sent forth so many considerable works as Bissen's. At Frederiksholm's Canal he had large workshops and many pupils—it is said that most northern sculptors are influenced by Bissen—were educated there.

Above the more public shop-rooms he had a private studio, and there—surrounded by the beauties of plants and pet animals—he called to life in clay and marble the most beautiful things he has done: his wife, Nanna, Ingeborg, etc.

Bissen found a mother for his children in a second wife, who survived him. He died in 1868, seventy years old. There was a grand memorial service at the Academy of Fine Arts, at which the king, the queen, the ministers of state, representatives of both chambers of legislature were present, as also all distinguished men of the country. Prof. Hagen, the friend of the deceased, made the speech of the occasion.

Bissen is considered one of the greatest sculptors of our time. "Hardly any modern artist approaches Thorvaldsen more in wealth of ideas, purity of style or power of execution."

#### SVEA.\*

BY ESAIAS TEGNER.

[Translated from the Swedish by A. T. Lindholm. Introductory Note by John Swainson.]

With the ascension of Gustavus III. to the throne of Sweden in the year 1770, a new era dawned for the country. The young king, himself a man of genius, with lofty aims and patriotic aspirations, soon gathered round him a galaxy of men, illustrious in science, literature and art. To this period belong the names of Charles von Linné, the father of natural history, the scientists Melanderhjelm, and von Schelé, the historian Lagerbring, the poets Bellman, Lidner, Kjellgren, Leopold, and many others. Gustavus was the founder of the "Swedish Academy," that literary Areopagus, whose dicta rewards or condemns the aspirations of budding talent. Under such auspices the coarse homeliness of former times gave way to refinement.

"Rude force now trimmed its beard and wit became a power," as Tegner expresses it in another place, speaking of this period. But with this glittering elegance luxury also gained entrance, particularly among the higher and middle classes. The king was a great admirer of France. His beau ideal was the Court of Versailles, and by his influence

\* Through several lyrics displaying a genius of a lofty order, Tegnér had already gained a growing reputation as a poet, when, in 1811, his poem "Svea," which received the great prize of the Swedish Academy, excited a general sensation by its patriotic spirit, no less than its poetic beauty. Among other characteristics of this poem is the remarkable change of form which occurs toward its close. From Alexandrine, distinguished for the refined strength, and measured and well preserved harmony which this kind of verse demands, the scald, in a sudden transport, is carried away to a dithyrambic song, whose various tones are in unison with the richly-varied changes of its subject. This is a poetical vision, in which the mythological images of the antique poesy shadow forth what the Swedish nation at that moment thought and felt, experienced and hoped. Even although such may not have been the intention of our bard, still the union of these two different styles shows his opinions in reference to the great schism then arising in the Swedish literature.—From "Life of Tegnér."

and example a Franco-mania seized the people. The homely virtues of the fathers, their simplicity in mode of living and dress, their sterling honesty and reliability were well nigh forgotten. Home-made linen and woolen were supplanted by silk and velvet, French wines and brandies took the place of the home-brewed ale and mead. Everything of Swedish origin was deemed inferior, and everything of foreign make was valued and admired.

While such a state of things existed in Swedish society, Gustavus, in consequence of a conspiracy, was assassinated in the year 1792, and succeeded by his son Gustavus IV. Adolphus. History gives this miserable idiot credit for honesty of purpose, but also affirms that his self-conceit, senseless obstinacy and stupidity were boundless. He conceived the most unreasoning hatred against the first Napoleon, and after all the rest of continental Europe had made peace with France, he still insisted on battling against the greatest general of the age. Russia, Sweden's old and treacherous enemy, now seized the opportunity to invade Finland. The little Finnish army, with a heroism and loyalty of which history can produce few examples, defended their country for a whole year against the most overwhelming odds, defeated the Russians on every battlefield, but receiving no aid from the mother country, and decimated in numbers, had at last to give way. While this was going on in Finland a large army, sufficient to drive the Russians out of the threatened province in a short time, was under arms in Sweden, and without plan or purpose marched from one place to another, but not a soldier sent to the assistance of the heroic Finns. This loyal province, the last and best of the Swedish possessions beyond the Baltic Sea, was lost. Finland, with Swedish civilization and religion, and a great portion speaking the Swedish language, had for more than 700 years formed an integral part of the kingdom. It now became a Russian possession, and the Swedish people mourned the loss of Finland as it never had mourned before. That the miserable wretch on the throne, whose mismanagement was the cause of this dire calamity, was sent out of the country in a disgraceful exile, was a poor recompense.

Tegnér, in his glorious poem "Svea," written in the year 1811, and for which he received the great prize of the Swedish Academy,—after rebuking his countrymen for their fondness of luxury and everything foreign, and admonishing them to return to the simplicity of former times, gives a fitting expression of the inmost feelings, hopes and aspirations of the Swedish nation at that period.

Pro patria!

Land where our fathers' ashes lie—dear land where I was born;  
People from heroes sprung, whose virtues thou dost scorn:  
From my secluded vale, my song I raise to thee;  
Though lulled by Flattery's voice, hear now the truth from me:  
Some bard may sing for thee, in high and lofty rhymes,  
Of new and shining lights and manners of our times;  
In soft, luxurious ease, with frown he may allude  
To days of heroism and virtue he calls rude.  
Himself born to a life of leisure and display,  
He may lisp forth thy praise, and hail each halcyon day.  
It is not thus I sing. The time I cannot love  
Which, with deceitful smile, doth delusive peace approve.  
I love the stormy times of yore, and highly will I praise

The great and noble minds of those heroic days,  
When Northland's noble son was not to foreign ways allure,  
But enjoyed his own land's produce and like a man endured.  
Away! delusive arts, which deaden mind and soul,  
And vanity's display, which man doth now extol!  
People, who, reared in want, inured to daily toil,  
Didst reap a scanty yield from off a barren soil:  
And, spread o'er polar lands 'mongst mountain wold and plain,  
From adamantine rocks hew'st out thy hard-earned gain:  
What error seizes thee! thou barterest in shame  
Thine independence; yea, thy virtue and thy name,  
For empty pleasures brought thee from some foreign shore,  
Which rob thy means of strength, thy manliness ignore.  
Thou mockest with contempt the ease and wantonness  
Of southern climes whose charms thyself dost not possess—  
Let Nature be thy guide! She gave in every zone  
To manners their apt form, to languages their tone.  
In paradisic South where, 'neath its sunlight glow,  
Spring forth spontaneous yields and vines luxuriant grow:  
Where, under summer sky, with its transparent blue  
Grows the laurel and the orange with its rich and golden hue:  
And between the murmuring springs, and zephyrs' gentle play,  
Even the very language melts in softest tones away—  
Here Nature aptly Joy's fond pleasures doth salute:  
She leads the festive dance, and strikes the sweet-toned lute;  
And Life, exempt from care and sorrow, howe'er fleet,  
Is charming as the earth which blossoms at thy feet.—  
Around Rome's conqueror—round Odin's race she's placed  
The huge and ice-bound rocks, the snow capped mountains raised:  
And over them she's wrought, with bold defiant hand,  
The storm-presaging cloud, the northlight's fiery brand.  
Behold! above thy head the dazzling firmament,  
Hear the wild cataract's roar 'twixt rocks by centuries rent;  
Where the surrounding forest, in the moonlight's placid sheen,  
Looks o'er the lonely scene, in majesty serene.  
Here deepens vale on vale, here heaped-up mountains stand,  
As if, in days of yore, tossed by some giant's hand;  
Above, Night's sentinel, the silent stars, move on—  
Beneath these rocky beds grow iron—men thereon!  
Here Nature will behold the thoughtful and sincere;  
Here, under humble roofs, she noble minds will rear,  
Here in content may dwell a people proud and free,  
Which, unrestrained, work out their own life's destiny!

So lived, in olden time, among these hills, a race  
Who terrified a world, and yet received its praise.  
O Svea's former days, O memories yet dear;  
Through centuries' long night ye come and disappear!  
In song ye still shall live! The time is long gone by,  
When as thy hills secure, as free as thy blue sky,  
And nourished by the harvest secured by hardest toil,  
The conqueror of Europe once dwelt upon thy soil.  
For honor and for right, for king and native land,  
He wasted not his words, but armed his sinewy hand.  
He tilled his fathers' soil, inherited their faith,  
Looked cheerful into life, and fearlessly toward death.  
Free from luxurious pride, and undisturbed by woes,  
He paid a world no tax, nor compromised with foes.  
Not India's stores him fed, nor Persia's silk him clad,

For him the South's ripe vintage not the least temptation had.  
Distasteful was not yet what his own land produced;  
His garb was as his mind with native pride infused;  
No draught from pleasure's cup, and no regret's keen smart  
Robbed from his cheek his health, the courage from his heart;  
Content with what the soil, the stream and forest gave:  
He sought no other shield, and had no bonded slave.  
His sword and one true friend, of wealth was all his store,  
And "Hospitality," the name, writ o'er his cottage door.  
Thus, satisfied, he lived, and, content with his estate,  
With open breast he met the raging storms of Fate:  
Confided to his God the secrets of his heart,  
And kissed his Father's hand under chastisement's smart.  
His only creed was virtue: his hand a pledge, his thought  
Imbued with courage bold—the same with which he fought;  
And manly and sincere, from superstition free,  
He studied ancient lore, and songs of ancestry.  
Ye gallant heroes—now o'er ye green mosses grow;  
Your life's heroic lay is finished long ago.  
Another world's arisen. Ah, well! ye valiant dead,  
What human race is this, which o'er your dust doth tread?  
For shame! Is this the old illustrious Gothic race?  
Contentious, envious, and fond of glittering arrays!  
With childish, weak desires for things of little worth,  
Living on Southern luxury in humble homes of North!  
Where is thy former strength, sincerity—that name,  
Ah, once so proudly borne on soaring wings of Fame?  
The zeal which once gave wealth and life and honor to the State,  
And Freedom's godlike dreams, which our fathers did elate?  
Thou playest thoughtlessly upon this sacred sod,  
With flowers and idle toys, where once thy fathers trod:  
These ignominious deeds my song will not extol;  
Go! and expunge thy name from thine ancestral roll!  
What say I? O my God! O Svea, Vasa's home!  
Forgive a youth's wild grief, which to his heart doth come:  
Ah, he who would give life and happiness, yea, all,  
Ne'er to behold thy late repentance, and thy fall.  
See! From the precipice, where staggering thou didst stand,  
Thou recently was saved by a heroic band;  
And, with a noble heart, with hairs now silver gray,  
Still Carl defends thy ruins, fast falling to decay:  
A victor by his side, admired by all the world,  
And Oscar growing up to bear great Fingal's sword!  
May not these noble names thy spirit rouse again,  
Or shall, to save thee now, their efforts be in vain?  
And this be the reward thou renderest for their fame:  
A drama still prolonged of thy degrading shame!  
Thou bear'st no foreign yoke—thine own is heavier still:  
A slave of his desire bows to a tyrant's will!  
He that denieth not himself full lightly bears the chain,  
And in his greedy hand the sword is placed in vain.  
Thou sleepest, Svea people! who will disturb thine ease?  
Ah, treachery, and force well armed, shall never cease  
To watch thee from their haunts. Would that my song could wake  
Thee from thy lethargy with sound of thunder's quakè!  
Lo! 'gainst the mighty ones thy fathers fought of yore,  
But ah! the sun ascends on lands that now are thine no more—  
O Finland, hero's home, thou freedom's hope forlorn,  
Late, like a bloody shield, from off thy bosom torn!

Near thee a throne is reared by serfs and base hirelings,  
And where our herds once grazed now bend the knees of  
kings!  
Farewell, thou freedom's shield, farewell, O hero land!  
See, Baltic's billows bear our tears unto thy strand. . . .  
Ah, well! a higher power shall nations' fates amend.  
Weep, Svea, o'er thy loss, but what remains defend!  
From the Sound's fertile shores, far to the distant North,  
Where, with his docile herd, the Laplander goes forth,  
What fields, untilled, which yet may golden harvests yield:  
Oh! if we love our land, we have enough to shield.  
Hence, Svea, let thy mounts redoubled treasures give,  
Within thy million homes let glad contentment live.  
Like faithful subjects lead the rivers o'er thy main;  
Within thine own dominion thou canst Finland's loss regain!  
Though, of thy father's soil, thou dost not all possess,  
Yet thou mayst have still more—their nerve, their earnest-  
ness,  
Their soul's calm greatness, and their freedom-loving zeal.  
Restore thy shattered State, her social ruptures heal;  
Remain not then indifferent amidst a world's alarms,  
But, if thou needest rest, rest then upon thine arms!  
Be thou thyself again as thou of old hast been:  
Learn of what other lands and what thyself hast seen!  
'Tis Liberty and Light thy watchfulness shall need;  
Hear mankind's urgent prayer, if mine thou wilt not heed!  
See Time! not yet, forsooth, she hath her storm-wings  
furled,  
Still conquerors go forth, like earthquakes, through the  
world.  
Long Europe's ancient form together will not hold:  
A new creation yet the conquering sword shall mold.  
Behold! what tottering thrones, and kingdoms rent in twain:  
Oppression's named Defense, and Right each plunderer's  
gain.  
Thinkst thou thyself secure? Thus not ordaineth Fate:  
Beware! she soon shall knock upon thy castle gate.  
Determined she doth stand, with lifted hand, to cast  
Into Time's urn our doom, th' eternal and the last—  
One moment more—alas! she blotteth out with frown,  
Oh, Svea, from thy shield each dim and faded crown—  
Arise! ere yet 'tis time, her judgment to suspend;  
Prepare thy sacred tombs and thy monuments to defend;  
And a proud name, which yet a world with thee doth vie—  
Canst thou not save them—well, then, for them thou canst die;  
With free protecting arms, still thee surrounds the sea:  
Thy mountain forts remain—and Heaven is still with thee!  
Still thine own fields thou till'st, and canst them fill again  
With cannon's thundering roar, with swords and valiant  
men.  
Still, with thy courage, thou a world in arms canst brave,  
And even though thou faltest, yet thine honor thou canst  
save!

\* \* \*

So sang I till the sun descended. Brightly burned  
The new lit stars of Night—when homeward I returned.  
Silent and sad I strayed near Death's sepulchral mounds;  
When, hark! o'er the tuned harp came strange mysterious  
sounds.  
From a bright, flashing sky came voices, calling me;  
And from the fettering clod my soul soared high and free.  
Ah! earthly glory fades, when Fancy's potent spell  
The poet captive holds—a god in Song doth dwell!

A phantom I spy,  
Which fills me with wonder:  
Hark! what loud peals of thunder  
Thro' earth and thro' sky!  
Valkyries fair,  
On fiery steeds mounted,  
With courage undaunted  
Ride through the bleak air.  
Hail maidens! a fight  
Shall be fought betwixt mortals:  
Let Valhal's wide portals  
Receive them to-night!

Up! men for the struggle,  
Ah, this is the last—  
To day, on your valor,  
Shall judgment be passed.  
Lo! the tombs of your fathers  
With violence rend:  
And their grim, old spectres  
On earth reascend.  
They shall witness the combat;  
And watch o'er your weal—  
Unborn generations  
To your swords shall appeal

Heroes gaunt and hoary,  
Shake the dusky spear.  
Lo! for battle gory  
Mighty hosts draw near.  
Battle-blades broken their blood tracks are tracing:  
Armies, in wrath, are each other embracing!

Darkness intense  
Envelops the earth,  
Forth to defense  
Of your honor and worth!

For Northland and Freedom, with loyal hearts beating,  
Thy way is but "forward," 'tis never re:reating!

The ocean abashed,  
Has silenced its roar.  
The heavens are flashed  
By the chariot of Thor.  
Ah! hither the hero-king now his way wendeth;  
Through carnage and death, him proud Victory attendeth!

His famous sword's hurled  
By his powerful hand:  
Lo! a conquered world  
Lieth pale in the sand.  
Our fathers, who watch the fierce fight from their station,  
Applaud now the hero, with joy's exclamation.

To the hero's great might  
Every foeman doth yield,  
Ignominious flight  
Is spread over the field.  
Confusion and Terror, and War's devastation  
Remorseless pursueth each conquered nation!

\* \* \*

The battle is over,  
Our country is free,  
The day sinketh weary  
In blood 'neath the sea—

Our heroes, departed,  
Join Valhal's great throng;  
And the bards, upon harp-strings,  
Their deeds praise in song.

A god is approaching  
With a wreath round his head.  
There bloometh a flower  
Where'er he doth tread;  
On the free he bestoweth  
Both honor and fame—  
Maketh swords into plowshares;  
And "Peace" is his name!

\* \* \*

Upon her mountain throne, high famed in story,  
Sits Svea, golden-haired, with starry crown—  
She gazeth peaceful in summer evenings' glory,  
And far and wide is told her great renown.  
Fulfilled is now what centuries intended;  
Her strength is tested, and her name defended;

Lo! in her halls of state is congregating  
A happy people, freed of factious bands.  
No envy's voice upon the ear is grating,  
And discord falls by its own treacherous hands.  
Bright as a star, religion guides the nation;  
And, round the throne, freedom and law hold station.

Degrading vices can remain no longer;  
They disappear before the winds of North;  
And earnestness of heart and mind grows stronger;  
On youthful cheek sweet innocence blooms forth.  
Each thrifty cot of welfare plainly telleth;  
In every palace well-earned honor dwelleth.

Free—every heart for justice hath no craving;  
Diplomacy is as open as the sky.  
In well-tilled fields are golden harvests waving,  
And laden ships upon the ocean ply.  
Deft dwarfs of old, are opening at leisure,  
Through glimmering eve, their mountain-hidden treasure.

See! yonder, upon azure skies, high soaring,  
The Maid of Song, a child of Northern land,  
As nature pure and free, her song is pouring  
From golden harpstrings, touched by skillful hand.  
She strength and fortitude to millions singeth;  
And, marvelling, a world her homage bringeth!

\* \* \*

Thus ended the vision  
In the dark, dismal night;  
Its dim shadows returning  
While the stars still were burning,  
Through the sudden transition,  
With feeble light.  
Now I lifted my hand  
Toward heaven and swore  
To live and to die for my land;  
And the storm-wind bore  
My words to yon glimmering strand.

And the forest and mountain, the stars and the ocean;  
They witnessed my vow, and my soul's deep emotion.

From the East's golden slope  
The sun, now ascending,  
Hath smiled on my hope;  
And the forest notes blending  
With the ocean's deep moan, which with rapture me thrilled;  
They sang of the day when my hope is fulfilled.

Ah! yonder thou dreamest  
In eastern skies,  
O day, which our honor redearest;  
Up, haste thee! Arise  
Upon Morn's golden wings through the sky!  
O tarry not longer, thou unborn avenger,  
O let me behold thee, thou beautiful stranger—  
And hide mine own heart in thy bosom—and die!

\* \* \*

But ye up yonder, where the North star quivers  
In ether's sphere, who drive your starry wain;  
To Svea's crowns\* and unto Gotha's rivers,  
Ye royal Carls, with grace look down again!

Ah! oft methinks I hear your voices sounding  
Through midnight air from heaven's starry cope;  
They whisper to my soul of faith abounding  
In honors past, futurity's bright hope.

But—if in vain you rose to highest stations  
Of gloried honor, and, at fate's behest,  
Our Svea now shall fall a slave 'mongst nations  
Your hero-flame extinguish in her breast.

Then—down into the deep abysmal ocean  
Your starry wain steer in despairing mood;  
And our disgrace blot out by the commotion,  
That none may know where once your Svea stood!

\* The coat-of-arms of Sweden.

#### ERIC STENBOCK AND MALIN STURE.

AN ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE IN SWEDEN 300 YEARS AGO.  
[Translated by John Swainson.]

[From A. Fryksell's "Berättelser ur Svenska Historien" (Tales from the History of Sweden).]

In the Parish of Mörkö, Södermanland, Sweden, in a deep cove of the Baltic Sea, is situated a small three-cornered island. On this rises a cliff, 90 feet in height, which, from its top, gives an extensive view of the fields, rocks, islands and inlets of the coast. For this reason, it is thought, the place at an early period became the haunt of Vikings; and yet to-day are seen deep caverns in the rocks, which have been used, it is believed, either as dwelling-places or prisons. Some are of opinion that it was here, in the time of Ingiald Illräda, that the provincial ("Fylkies") King of Södermanland, Granmar, received the Sea King Hjorvard Ylfing, and Granmar's daughter, the beautiful Hildigunn, pledged Hjorvard with the toast of Rolf Kraké.

The place was called Sjimonssö, which some

understand to mean Sjömansö (Sailors' Island). In later times, on account of the form of the island itself, it has been called Hörningsholm (the Island of Corners), and by the action of the sea gradually transformed into a peninsula. It was successively in the possession of the families of "Folkungar," "Örnefot," "Ulf," and the younger Sture, was strongly fortified and often besieged, captured and destroyed;—the last time in the reign of "Christian the Tyrant."

Svante Sture, son of Sten Sture the Younger, and married to Märta Lejonhufvud, had afterwards on the old plat erected a castle, as magnificent by architecture as it was strong by location and fortification. On a granite foundation many yards high rested a castle of four stories with strong towers in the corners. We may form an idea of the wealth of "the Sture" and of the nobility in general of that period, when we read that at the wedding feast of his daughter Sigrid Sture to Thure Person Bjalke, in the year 1562, there were consumed 30 tierces wine, 4 barrels mead, 12 barrels "Kirsedrank," 1½ barrels "must," 8 casks "prysing," 20 tuns ale, 45 oxen, 200 sheep, 21 swine, 17 calves, 453 gallons honey, etc. By the reduction of the church-property, it must be remembered, a great number of estates had come into the possession of the nobility, particularly in that of the Sture, the only descendant of so many formerly powerful families. By this wealth, added to the spotless splendor of the name of Sture, his kinship to Gustavus Vasa, as brother-in-law, and the distinguished qualities of the many children, the house of Hörningsholm was for a long time the first in the land next to the king's, and the abode of honor, pride and gaiety. After the terrible murders of the Stures in the year 1567, the gaiety disappeared, but Lady Märta maintained the pride as the family had maintained its honor. Two remaining sons and five daughters gave promise that in the lapse of time even gaiety might return. While the children were growing up Lady Märta governed the Castle of Hörningsholm and the many subordinate estates with such prudence and vigor, that she was nicknamed King Märta. But generosity of the highest order was also one of her characteristics. King Ericus XIV. had murdered her husband and two of her sons. When afterwards he was dethroned and his wife and children, unprotected, scattered over the country, Lady Märta adopted his daughter, the helpless Sigrid Vasa, then 4 or 5 years old, and educated and cared for her with all the tenderness of a mother.

Erik Stenbock, son of old Gustavus Olson of Torpa and Brita Lejonhufvud, being a near relative of the Sture family, was a frequent visitor at Hörningsholm, and fell deeply in love with Lady Malin, the second in order of the daughters. She reciprocated his passion, but Lady Martha would not listen to any proposals of marriage of the young people, on account of the near relationship, they being first cousins. Stenbock tried the usual expedients. He overwhelmed mother, sisters, and servants with presents, but to no account. Many were softened, but not the old countess. By letter she had consulted Archbishop Laurentius in Upsala, and he was steadfast in the principles he had uttered at the third marriage of Gustavus Vasa, and dissuaded the union. After that it was in vain to speak any further to the countess. Thus several years passed on. The two lovers saw their youth fade away. Sir Erik was near thirty-four, and Lady Malin thirty-three years old, but their mutual devotion was still warm as ever.

When, therefore, every effort to gain the consent of the mother had failed, Erik and Malin determined on an elopement. Stenbock confided his case to Duke Charles, then twenty years old, and received from him, as assistance, two hundred mounted men. In the month of March, 1573, he went on a visit to Hörningsholm, accompanied by his sister Cecilia (the wife of Count Gustavus Roos), and concealed his horsemen in the neighborhood, instructing them of what was to be done. The same evening it was agreed between Sir Erik and Lady Malin that they would flee the next day. The young lady spent a night full of anguish. When she was left alone in her room in the morning, she threw herself down on her knees in a window, praying, while she cried bitterly. While thus occupied, her elder sister, Lady Sigrid, entered. "God bless you!" she said; "you are doing a good work." "Heaven grant that it were good," answered Lady Malin. "Certainly it is good," said Lady Sigrid, "to pray to God while in tears." Lady Malin then exclaimed: "Even if all the rest of my family cast me off, let not your faithful heart turn against me." "Why such words?" replied Lady Sigrid; "no one of the Sture family has ever committed a deed that could prompt us to turn away our hearts." At this moment the old countess called away Lady Sigrid, and Lady Malin went into another apartment. Here Sir Erik at once entered, and, saluting those present, said to Lady Malin: "Dear sister, would you like to see

the horse I have given you? it stands down in the courtyard." She consented; and Sir Erik, offering his arm, brought her down-stairs. Here, Lucy, the nurse of Nils and Anna Sture, was sitting in the hallway, and, at the request of Lady Malin, she followed them. In the arched gateway stood a horse harnessed to a sledge, in which Lady Malin and her companion sat down. Sir Erik stood behind, driving away, while a number of servants looked on, thinking the party only going out hunting. But the nurse, when she noticed that Sir Erik took the road down toward the sea and drove very fast, commenced to suspect mischief and exclaimed with loud voice: "What are you doing, dear lady? Think how angry your mother will be for your traveling so alone!" But Sir Erik brought out a short fire-arm and pointing it to the breast of the nurse, said: "Be quiet, or you will never have a chance to speak a second time." When they reached the frozen cove the horsemen came forward from both sides and surrounded the sledge, and now they rushed on over the ice as fast as the horses could run, all the way to Stordsbro,—at which place all kinds of valuable dress goods was in readiness, and tailors and seamstresses, who took measures at once and commenced making a wardrobe for Lady Malin. In the meantime the horsemen kept watch around the place, allowing no one to come either in or out.

At the moment Sir Erik drove down on the ice, Lady Margarethe Sture, happening to look out through a window, noticed the party and understood at once the purport of the journey. She commenced crying: "I believe Sir Erik carries away Sister Malin." The old countess and Lady Sigrid then ran first to the window, and then down toward the courtyard, but on the way the mother fell in a swoon on the steps. After returning to consciousness she ordered Lady Sigrid at once to follow the fugitives and try to bring Lady Malin back. Lady Sigrid obeyed. While she was gone the disconsolate mother remained sitting on the steps and could not yet collect her senses. Thither hastened then Sir Erik's sister, the Countess Cecilia, and "regretted that Sir Erik had given Lady Martha so much offense, and assuring her that she had been entirely ignorant about it, but said that she never could believe that Lady Martha would take it so angrily." The latter, turning her head vehemently around, responded: "God punish you and your brother, who have robbed me of my child; follow her and stay with her at least, and see that no shame befalls." Lady Cecilia kept her peace and departed.

When Lady Sigrid arrived at Svärdsbro, it was not without difficulty she was admitted, and all alone, to see her sister. She then told Lady Malin about the sorrow and lament of the mother and exhorted her to return, in which case everything would be forgiven. Lady Malin remained silent. Lady Sigrid then began still more earnestly to admonish and intreat her, saying that if she refused she would be the cause of her mother's death. Lady Malin then answered: "If you can assure me that our lady mother will allow Erik and me to be united, I will cheerfully return." "That I cannot do," said Lady Sigrid. "Then," insisted Lady Malin, "the first trouble is just as good as the last," and commenced crying bitterly. When Lady Sigrid understood that she could not prevail on her sister, she returned to Hörningsholm, where the old mother was now confined to her bed in sorrow and anguish. These increased when Lady Sigrid returned alone. While misfortune heretofore had befallen her house, disgrace had now been added. She did not see any help or consolation, not even hope of revenge. She was a lonely widow with many daughters, and the sons as yet almost children. The actor in this scandal, on the other hand, was a powerful man, a brother of the Queen Dowager, supported by the duke and in the king's favor. But notwithstanding all this the old countess made up her mind not to give way.

In the meantime Lady Malin went with the Countess Cecilia and Sir Erik to the brother-in-law of the latter, Count Per Brahe, of Sundboholm in Westergothland. There Sir Erik left her and hurried on to Stockholm. But before him Lady Märtha's letter of complaint had arrived. On his arrival Sir Erik was deprived of all his fiefs and offices and put in confinement. Now commenced a succession of expostulations and mediations between the Sture and Stenbock families. The latter succeeded at last in getting Sir Erik out of prison. He then made every possible effort to gain the good will of the relatives of Lady Malin, and succeeded with all except her mother. He wrote to the academy in Rostock, and obtained its opinion in writing that marriage between first cousins was allowable, but the old lady disregarded it. Sir Erik and Lady Malin then despaired of ever obtaining the mother's consent. It was now fifteen months since they fled. They went into Halland, then belonging to Denmark, and were married by a Danish priest, and immediately the same day to Torpa, where the wedding was celebrated. At the same time it was so arranged that

King John, the Queen Dowager, Duke Charles, the Royal Princesses, the Royal Council and all the members of the Stenbock family wrote to Lady Martha, pleading in favor of Sir Erik and his wife. But the sorrow and anger of the mother were again excited by the information of the marriage, which had taken place without her knowledge. Regardless of all intercessions from the highest quarters, she refused to have anything to do with either daughter or son-in-law.

But the resentment of the mother rested heavily on the heart of the daughter. Ever since the flight from Hörningsholm Lady Malin had never worn anything but black clothes. From her husband she had received a number of precious stones, which she never used. She constantly wrote the most mournful letters to her nearest relatives, praying them for God's sake to intercede. Moved by the frequent solicitations of her sons and sons-in-law, and at last by the kneeling down of all her daughters, Lady Martha finally consented that the two rejected ones might return. It was one and one half years after their marriage and nearly three years after their flight. They were not permitted, however, at once to enter the castle, but were obliged for some weeks to reside in the bath-house. But at last, on account of the intercession of the other children, the approach of winter, and Lady Malin's feeble health, they were permitted to move into the castle. Lady Malin was then conducted into the big hall, where Lady Martha sat on the dais, surrounded by the rest of her children. When Lady Malin appeared in the door the mother burst out: "O thou wretched child!" Lady Malin then fell on her knees and crawled up to her mother, crying and asking her pardon and putting her head on her mother's lap. All present, save Lady Martha, cried. She lifted up the head of her daughter, rested it against her breast, and said: "Ask God to forgive you, my poor child; I have already forgiven you." Then she raised up Lady Malin, and all present embraced one another and shed tears of joy.

Some weeks later, when Lady Malin became the mother of a son, Lady Martha made a great christening feast, inviting as sponsors King John, Duke Charles and all the royal princesses, and then gave Lady Malin as large a marriage-portion as any of the other daughters. But the consciousness of the offense committed rested still heavily on Lady Malin, and it was a long time afterward, and only by the express order of her mother, that she exchanged her black garments for jewelry and more gay colors.

The great General Magnus Stenbock, in the time of Charles XII., and all now living members of the family are descendants of Erik Stenbock and Malin Sture.

JOHN SWAINSON.

#### THE MUSIC AND MUSICIANS OF NORWAY.

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

[Continued from June Number.]

It is pleasant to think that it was Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, that magnificent exposition of a triumph over fate, played at one of Conradi and Kjerulf's concerts, in 1857, that opened the eyes of Johan S. Svendsen, then seventeen years old, to what music is. Hitherto he had heard nothing beyond the dances, marches and light operatic music of the theatre and of the military band of which he was a member. He played the clarionet, flute and violin, had led quite a Bohemian life, and had been a composer of light music for the violin and orchestra since he was eleven years old. After obtaining a glimpse of a glorious art-world, he began to play Beethoven's piano and violin sonatas with old Arnold, to study in earnest, and he knew there would be no rest for him until he could bridge over the vast gulf between what he *could* and what he *would* do. At twenty-one he set out to earn his way through the world with his violin, and to hear and to learn. Two years later a change was wrought in his circumstances by his kind-hearted fellow countryman, Consul Leehe, who found him penniless in Lübeck and obtained for him a stipend from Carl XV. that enabled Svendsen to go to Leipsic. Nervous pains in his wrists obliged him to lay aside his violin and devote himself to the study of composition, and thus his true life-work was assured. He left the conservatory in 1867, covered with glory. Since then his works, led by himself and others, have been performed in all the principal cities in Europe, and some of them in America, and have been warmly received. A peculiarly brilliant career has been offered them and him in Paris. After he returned to his native land a delightful friendship sprang up between him and Grieg, with whom he was constantly associated in musical labors, and whose successor in the leadership of "Musikforeningen" he became. In March, 1883, Svendsen left Christiania, bearing with him many tributes of appreciation, to fill the post of kapelmester of the royal theatre in Copenhagen, which he still holds. Svendsen's most noted compositions are: the A minor quartet (op. 1), a male quartet (op. 2), an octet (op. 3), a D major

symphony (op. 4), and a quintet (op. 5), all written before 1867; an A major violin concert (op. 6), written in Paris in 1868; a D major violoncello concert (op. 7), and a symphony introduction to Björnson's "Sigurd Slembe," in 1870-71; and since 1872 "Zorahayda, a Legend for the Orchestra," orchestral arrangements of Icelandic, Swedish and Norwegian popular melodies, the "Carneval de Paris," "Romeo e Julie," four Norse rhapsodies, the "Norse Artists' Carnival," the B major symphony, several groups of songs and vocal romances, and, finally, a cantata written to the words of Holger Drachmann for the Holberg celebration in Copenhagen. Svendsen's practical experience with the orchestra has greatly aided him in becoming the master he is in instrumentation and as a leader. His imagination is very rich and varied, his warmth of coloring marvelous, and he is as happy in picturing Zorahayda's romantic adventures in the Alhambra, and the ardent love of Romeo and Juliet, as wild street life in Paris, or the restless rovings of a Sigurd Slembe. Perhaps his most realistic work is his "Norse Artists' Carnival," which represents, according to the programme, a festival in the castle of Dovre, mountain king, with processions of dwarfs, hulders, trolls, and other mountain folk, the arrival of Prince Carnival, dancing and rejoicing. One of the striking features of this work, an admirable four-hand piano arrangement, which may be found in the Peters edition, is the introduction of quite a bewitching Italian melody. Svendsen has chosen for his compositions many motives with a strong national tint, has produced unsurpassed orchestrations of folk melodies, but he is not so thoroughly imbued with the Norse element that it has become with him a personal style, as in the case of Edvard Grieg. His nature is thoroughly eclectic and he takes equal delight in Mozart's G minor symphony and in the "Faust" of Berlioz. He enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with Wagner, who exerted no small influence over his art tendency, but his guiding star has been Beethoven. Svendsen's wife is an American lady, whom he met at Leipsic and married in New York, in 1871, and who has furnished English text to several of his songs. Since 1874 Svendsen, like Grieg, has drawn a composer's annuity of 1600 kroner.

A noted name in the musical history of Norway is that of Friedrich August Reissiger, who was born in Germany in the first decade of the present century, but who has been so thoroughly interwoven with the growth of the young Norse

muse since he settled in Norway in 1840 that he is justly classed with the composers of the land. From 1850 until his death in 1883 he officiated as organist, choir-leader, teacher, and part of the time as director of military music in Frederikshald, and exercised a wide-spread influence in cultivating the public taste. His compositions are exceedingly melodious, and display at the same time noble simplicity and richness of harmony. He has been a prolific writer for organ, orchestra, voice and piano. Perhaps the best known of his works is his magnificent music for male chorus of Björnson's "Olaf Trygvason." Thomas Tellefsen is another musician whose influence was helpful to Norse art. He was born in 1823 in Trondhjem, studied music first with the father of L. M. Lindeman, and later with Kalkbrenner and Chopin in Paris, where he remained most of the time until his death in 1874 as teacher of music in the families of Polish exiles to whom he had been introduced by Chopin. He made occasional visits to Norway, but it was as a composer that he wielded his chief influence. He left about fifty works, chiefly piano compositions, many of which were models of skill in the introduction of the Norse element.

Norway is full of growing musical life, and the representative names already given by no means complete the list of talented composers and performers. Among these are: Ole Olsen (born in Hammerfest, 1850); Johan Selmer (Christiania, 1844); Christian Cappelen (Drammen, 1845); Otto Winter-Hjelm (Christiania, 1837); O. A. Gröndahl (Christiania, 1847); Agatha Backer Gröndahl (Holmestrand, 1847); Erika Lie Nissen (Kongsvinger, 1845); and Edmund Neupert (Christiania, 1842). The last named is pronounced the most brilliant piano virtuoso the Scandinavian nations have produced, and his piano compositions are brimful of the national weirdness. He has won laurels in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Russia and America, and is now engaged as a professor of music in New York. Erika Lie Nissen and Agatha Backer Gröndahl are ranked with the first lady pianists in the world, and have given successful concerts abroad, as well as in Christiania, their present home. Fru Nissen is an ideal woman and artist her piano touch is said to be superb, her musical memory, power of expression, and musical understanding marvelous. Her interpretations of Beethoven are considered a revelation. Fru Gröndahl is a rare interpreter of Schumann, possesses all the requirements of a successful pianist, and

has composed songs, piano etudes, etc., and a scherzo for the orchestra, all evincing originality and deep feeling, as well as profound musical knowledge. Her husband, O. A. Gröndahl, is a thoroughly educated musician, a composer of genuine merit, and the leader of a fine chorus in Christiania. Otto Winter-Hjelm is a well-known composer of piano, orchestra and other works, has made some admirable violin arrangements of Norse-folk melodies, has been organist of Trinity Church in Christiania since 1874, and has officiated conspicuously as leader of orchestra and chorus. Christian Cappelen, organist in Drammen since 1868, and a composer of many noble vocal and instrumental works, among them several piano pieces that are veritable songs without words, is spoken of as the worthy follower in Lindeman's footsteps. Johan Selmer has passed much of his artistic career in Paris and Leipsic, has been leader of "Musikforeningen" since Svendsen left it, and displays marked dramatic and descriptive power in his songs and piano compositions. Ole Olsen won an enviable reputation as orchestra leader during a stay of several years in Vienna, his "Asgaardsreien" and other orchestral works rank very high, and he has recently been called to Christiania as director of the music corps of the second brigade. All of these musicians have studied abroad at government expense.

Johan Gottfried Conradi has been an active leader of singing societies, as well as of the orchestra, is skilled both as a composer and writer on musical subjects, and has done much to create refined musical taste throughout the country. Associated with him as a worthy leader and organizer of choral clubs is Johan D. Behrens, who has published several volumes of most carefully selected male quartets, many of them harmonized by himself, and is at present leader of a merchants' and mechanics' singing society, both founded by Conradi, who is now leader of the workingmen's singing society. When we add to these the choral clubs of Gröndahl and of Thorvald Lammers, the noted basso-baritone, we shall see that the choral life of Christiania is pretty rich. There is also a fine string-quartet club, which gives public performances of the best chamber music. Concerts of orchestral, choral and chamber music of high order abound in Norway, especially in Christiania and Bergen. There is an established singing society in every town; we constantly read of the appearance of some new solo virtuoso, and few countries seem so well supplied with amateur talent.

Among the musically endowed young people who within the past few years have been enabled by a public stipend to study in Germany for a professional career, we find the name of Valborg Hovind, who studied for three years in Weimar with the celebrated Fru Milde, and for whom a brilliant future was predicted wherever she appeared in public. Liszt was eager in his praises of her, and took great pleasure in accompanying her when she sang in his salon. Last summer she became the wife of Prof. Hans Stub, of the Luther Seminary, and is now making her home in Madison, Wisconsin. Mrs. Stub has a rich, sympathetic mezzo-soprano voice, over which she has thorough control. She has marked dramatic power and a highly developed musical intelligence. Her interpretations of the German "Lieder" are so full of genuine warmth of coloring, depth of expression and comprehension, that they thrill the hearer, and she sings Grieg and Kjerulff to perfection.

Carl Warmuth has aided the good work in Norway with his thriving Christiania importing and publishing house, which was founded in 1843, and which since 1861 has published upward of five hundred compositions. Among the noteworthy efforts of this enterprising publisher is the issue of "Nordisk Musik-Tidende," a well-edited monthly journal devoted to the interests of music, containing valuable biographical sketches and admirable criticisms, besides letters from the chief musical centers, and full particulars about Norse music. It has an appendix giving reprints of the songs and piano compositions of different nations. Warmuth is the publisher of Terschak's graceful piano transcriptions of Norse melodies.

What is now needed to fully utilize all the musical talent of Norway is a national academy of music. The dream of Roverud and of Ole Bull should be fulfilled.

SIXTEEN young ladies, in Schleswig, recently violated the law and had themselves committed for singing some Danish National songs in a private house, and had to pay a fine of 5 kroner (\$2).

THE *Independent* reports that a Danish missionary, Kofod, has recently baptized his first Malayan converts, on the Sheowajo Mountains, in India. Bishop Sargent, who recently visited Jernakadu, expresses great satisfaction over what has been accomplished there.

**"SO THEY ARE."**

(*Den Vægtsindede paa Graahede. "The Fickle Girl of Grayheath."*)

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH OF M. A. GOLDSCHMIDT, BY A.—A.

[Continued from June number.]

**IV.**

Mary certainly thought that Karen had not behaved well toward her, first by her sharp remarks, and second by engaging herself to some one else than Jens Watchmaker; still this is not that kind of thing that makes mischief among women folks, and Mary was, furthermore, anxious to see what was going on now. She took the first occasion to go out on the heath; and, as she went, she asked herself many small questions, and tried to imagine what the answer would be.

The house was open but empty; the men seemed to be out in the fields. All the doors were open, and Mary could see that there was nobody in the kitchen, either. The flags of the floor were wet, and there was a haze over them as from hot water. She went out there. The open door shut out the light from the window. Passing the threshold she found herself in the shade; and as she had slippers on, she could not be heard. She thought somebody was visiting with Karen, and intended to surprise her; but she herself was surprised when, turning, she saw Karen in the bakery kneading bread in the strong light from the window. Mary was no observer; very few seventeen-year-old girls are—especially farmer's daughters—and the teacher's daughter was not much more. She generally formed her impressions quickly and without reflection, but on this occasion there was something in the exceedingly calm life, illustrated before her, that made her pause and look.

Karen wore only her chemise, a skirt and her clogs. Her flaxen hair was loosely tied up in a knot behind, and was heavier than that of peasant girls' generally. But what struck Mary more than anything else was the beauty of her neck. In the country the forms are rarely seen; and, though Mary had read a good many books, she had no notion of the beauty of line; but involuntarily she found this neck handsome, or rather knew it to be handsome in spite of a queer dislike to see it—a distaste exactly corresponding to the pleasure it would have given a man. She wished for a neckerchief to cover it up with. It seemed incongruous to her. Looking at Karen's face, which was turned away, it seemed to her not

to belong to the same person. It was neither melancholy nor cheerful; the half-open lips were like those of a child; the eyes were fixed on the dough, as if they never had seen either Jens Watchmaker nor Christen Reus. The whole impression was so perfectly straightforward; that absorbed, hard-working form in the empty house impressed Mary so strongly, that she then and there really loved Karen, and she herself grew better and greater through this sincere, direct love for another soul.

"Good-day, Karen," she called out.

"Dear me, is that you Mary!" said Karen and began to clear her hands from the dough.

"Yes I would like to see you in your new position, Karen."

"It is very new," said Karen.

"How do you like Christen Reus?"

"I like him pretty well, now."

"Now! have you had any trouble with him?"

"Yes, but that's over."

"You agree, perfectly, you think?"

"As well as we ever shall."

"That's a good deal to say."

"As you take it."

"Can it be taken in more than one way?"

"No, I do not think he's mistaken any more."

"Was he mistaken?"

"No, he thought himself all right, I suppose."

"What was it then?"

"Ah, he took me for Maren, but that is not my way."

"Well, how is it now?"

"I have got over it."

"Got over? Have you thrown him over?"

"Yes, and I think he now knows that he was all wrong, if he never knew it before."

"Then you are not engaged any longer?"

"Of course not."

Having pondered over the matter a little, Mary said: "I wonder what people will say?"

"I do, too," said Karen.

Mary had her own thoughts, and might have told Karen how foolishly she had acted at that fair. But that would be no use now; so she did not say a word. Still, she would have liked to know a little more about how Karen had sent Jens Reus away, but Karen evaded it by a certain clumsy skill.

"What did you say Karen?"

"I said what I said."

The rest of the family came home for supper, and while they were taking it a thunderstorm arose. The rain was so hearty and steady that

Mary could not go home that night. There was but one opinion about that. To comply with good manners she now had to refuse to stay, especially because she was expected at home, but only to get the victorious answer that in her home they had heard the thunder, saw the rain, and consequently knew why she would not come; and, furthermore, Thomas, a brother of Karen, the one next to the youngest, had to go somewhere in the neighborhood, and he would take a message. He put on a pair of top-boots, wrapped himself up in a neckerchief and went off. At ten o'clock they saw a fire to the north, but it was farther east than the house of the schoolmaster. There came a lull in the storm, and they went to bed. The next morning, at breakfast, Thomas told what house had been burned down, and added that he had met Jens Watchmaker at the fire.

"Well! what about him?" asked Jacob Gray.

"He is all right. He said he had been up to the fair at Skive, and made \$25 on one pair of oxen."

"Yes," said Jacob, "there is plenty of fodder this year, and so there is money in oxen. Still, he is a smart boy, Jens Watchmaker."

"He is so," said Thomas; "and he sends you word, Karen."

"What is it?" asked Jacob after a pause, as Karen kept quiet.

"Shall I tell, Karen?"

"You had better ask him who sends the message."

"Well, it is neither more nor less than that he told me to tell you that his house will soon be ready. You can move in there whenever you please, if you want to."

"One might get a worse message," said one of the brothers.

"Yes," continued Thomas, "I think it is very good in him that he will take you back again, after all that bother about the German. That is more than I would do for any girl."

"I think so, too, old as I am," said Jacob Gray.

"Well, what do you say now, Karen?" asked Thomas.

"I answered him, and said that if you would you might follow me to the forest dance next Sunday. If so, I should tell him. Will you go along, Karen?"

"I suppose I will," answered Karen.

"There is morning service in Thorning church next Sunday. Come down to me after the service; Thomas can come for you," said Mary gladly.

This was arranged. Mary went home, and

soon the whole parish knew that Jens Watchmaker and Karen Gray had gotten over their trouble and were going to be married.

Sunday morning after the service, when the pastor had left for Lysgaard, the chapel, there was half an hour to spare; Mary proposed, as they were in the neighborhood, that they might go from the church down to see Jens Brabjerg, the joiner, about some mangle-stocks they had not got, though he promised surely to send them on Saturday.

They went north below Ilkumgaard, a farm surrounded by high trees and a rather large orchard, at the east corner of which the house of Jens Brabjerg stood. Jens was in the workshop. He wore an old leather cap and his leather apron; but, being Sunday, he did not work more than just a little bit to keep his hands going; while his friend Sorensmith, old as himself, sat in a corner and entertained him, or rather was an excuse for Jens talking on while he was finishing off a board he was planing; for Soren was a man of few words and Jens rather chatty.

As soon as old Jens saw the girls he cried out "Gracious! there is the enemy!" sprang nimble as a cat to a corner, seized a mangle stock, presented arms, shouldered, and at last feigned to charge the gun and took aim. In this warlike position he said, "I'll shoot you, Mary, if you say a single word! The other one shall be ready to-morrow. Now feel how smooth it is."

Yes, it was wonderfully round and smooth in spite of its hardness, and Jens told how the pastor—the one before the last—wondered; he had thought it took a turner to make a mangle-stock.

"How will you manage?" the pastor had asked.

"Then I had to tell him how I made a regular square one, then one with eight corners, next sixteen, and so on; and so I was smarter than the pastor, a thing that ought not to be. Now I'll show you something still more handsome."

Jens fetched a wooden coffee-tray with a picture on it of a Norwegian mountain tract, with pines and firs and a cataract; on the edge of this was gorgeously painted a deadly fight between a country lad and a bear. "It is for the wife of Mikkel Thomsen," said Jens.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Mary and Karen, honestly admiring the strong colors and the exciting event. "Who made it?"

"Well, I made the tray," answered Jens, "and the actor put on the other things."

"Who is the actor?" said Karen.

"Don't you know?" answered Mary. "It is Frederick Støje, who painted our carriage."

No, Karen did not know that; but it did not matter.

"How is he now?" asked Mary.

"Well, in summer-time he is all right when he can get work, but in the winter he is bad off, though he won't give in and say so."

"Will he not?"

"No. I think he has suffered from cold and hunger many a time; but he tightens his waistband, I suppose, for he never mentions it."

"It is a pity, is it not? a man who paints so elegantly. They say he comes from an old stock, if he could only trace it," added Jens Brabjerg; he may have meant it or not, I do not know.

"We must go home now," said Mary.

"Stop a bit and take me along; I am going home for my dinner, and you may just as well go with me."

"Will you take it up with the girls, old blacksmith?" cried Jens.

"I was not always able to do so when I was young; but now they have mercy upon me," answered the smith, as he made himself ready to go.

The road ran through a thicket of oak bushes that followed the range of the hills, separated from the thicket that surrounded the parsonage by a moor. A few minutes later it wound on an open place near a house. In the northern corner of this house a single room had been divided off. There was a weird, romantic view from its porch across the meadow to the oak thicket. The door to this apartment was locked with a padlock that a man was opening; and this little fact that his house was protected by a padlock gave this man an odd mark of being lonely, forsaken, or self-sufficient, though they know the rest of the house to be inhabited?

"That's Støje," said the smith, as the man went in. They passed near the house and the two girls, Karen particularly, could not help throwing a long, curious glance into the room.

The man bowed to them and came to the door. He was dressed somewhat like a peasant—a waist-coat with brown stripes buttoned up to the chin, a dark blue jacket and trowsers of the same color, all of it well mended; but there was this difference between his clothes and those of the peasants, that they, old as they were, got their shape from his form. He was tall, slender, about fifty in age. His hair was cut short, but in a juvenile style. The face was kind; and, though it would not have been thought so very intellectual among town peo-

ple, still it had, so to speak, got its lines and complexion from thinking.

"Støje, we spoke of you a little while ago. Have you not something pretty to show the girls?"

"Come in, please," said Støje, with a bow.

"You know the teacher's Mary, don't you? This is Karen Gray, from Graygaard," said the smith. Støje shook hands with both of them and Karen was oddly impressed by his way of doing it. And well she might be, for her part. The hand was long, slender and soft; and had, from times gone by, conserved the power to express a flattering, respectful friendliness.

"I have nothing but this, just now," he said, and took down a picture of himself from the wall, painted on metal some twenty years before.

"How like it is," said Karen.

"Do you think so?" said the artist, so very much pleased that he hardly noticed that the smith took leave and went off. "It was taken in my happy days. I traveled with a troupe and nobody would go to see them except when I was acting, but then the house was crowded to the very roof. I was a king! There was a ball there one night at a club, and when I arrived after the play with my bride—a lady who was also an artist—the folding doors were opened and the dancing stopped, the president came to the door to compliment me and my bride, took her to a seat, and when the cotillon began I had so many bouquets and favors, that I had to put some of them in my pockets. Yes—then I was happy! Now it has all passed away. All of it. Do you really think it is like me still?"

Karen reiterated her words. Mary wanted to go—she was crossing the threshold.

"Have you seen the room I have painted at Lars Terkildren?" asked Støje.

He allowed it to be very pretty—took one more step—went out.

"Yes," he continued to Karen, shrugging his shoulders; "That's the kind of things I must be satisfied to paint here. If I would go to a large city and assert my powers—"

"Why don't you do it?" asked Karen. "You might go to Holstebro or Skive."

"H'm, yes; but I am no longer young—tearing myself from my friends—lonely—"

"Why should you be lonely?" asked Karen, and sat down.

"I have nobody that belongs to me," answered the artist, perfectly naturally. "I have been married once—yes."

"Why don't you marry again?"

"I!" Støje wondered. "Nobody would want me, I think."

"Why not?"

This caught the actor's attention. He threw a quick glance at Karen, and probably told himself at the same time that, taken all in all, he was still a handsome, educated and bright man, and he answered significantly: "The very first girl would not do for me; it ought be a nice girl. Do you think a real nice girl would go through the world with me?"

"Why not?"

"A nice girl—as nice as you?"

"Oh, I am not so very nice."

"You are—do you think such a girl would do it?"

"Why not?"

"But you, yourself—would you?"

"I don't know but what I might."

"Will you, really Karen? will you accept my hand and my heart?"

"We may talk it over."

"When? Karen, do you really mean it? when may I come and see you on Graygaard?"

"You can come for me in an hour, near the teacher's house, and go out there with me."

"But Karen! what is this?" said Mary, as she at last succeeded in getting Karen away—pretty hard work, too; for the artist would not let go his hold of Karen's hand. It looked as if he was dragged along. "What is this?"

"Oh!" said Karen, and again she seemed beside herself, as when she wanted her poem sung at the fair. "Yes, it is so now!"

At the dinner with the teacher not a word was said on this subject. An hour later, Karen left. Støje stood, of course, near the the house waiting for her, in dress-coat, white gloves a good deal too large for him, and a pipe in one hand. He offered her his arm and they went out arm in arm, over the heath, as town-people should have done under such circumstances. Some people saw them, and, while Jens Watchmaker made ready to go out and meet Karen in the forest, a rumor was heard about her having accepted Støje. It seemed too bad; but Karen Gray had already prepared people to expect strange things from her, and Mary, when asked, could not deny it.

Karen and Støje were going up to Graygaard. Jacob and two of his sons were at home. They were greatly astonished when Karen introduced her new lover to them, but they abstained from saying anything, the more so as Karen said, "We are going."

Karen set the table with the best that was on hand, and the four had a very friendly meal together. Then the men lighted their pipes; and at Støje's wish, looked over the farm, the cattle and the nearest fields.

"Yes, it is a good farm," said Jacob Gray.

It was still clear daylight when Karen followed her sweetheart a few steps on his way home.

"Now, my dear, sweet girl," said Støje, "you said that we were leaving, but I think we had better not decide so rapidly. It would be so much better if it could be arranged so that we got the farm."

"No, it cannot be," said Karen.

"I have heard some instances of farmers' daughters having the farm, though there were sons."

"I have too."

"Well, then, we ought to try, my love."

"No, we ought not. You and I had better go to Holstebro or Skive."

"Sooth to say, my dear Karen; I should not like that; and what would you do in Holstebro or Skive?"

"Well, I don't care."

"That's so lovely in you, my dear; you are so sweet and gentle. Look here! we may manage to have the farm all the same, or—"

"All right! Good-bye!" said Karen, and drew back her arm.

"You—I—Karen."

But Karen had turned, and was going home.

Støje did not stir; first, because he was perplexed; and secondly, because the consciousness of his age, and his selfish intentions hindered him in following her. With a dreary "Well, well," he went home to Thorning. Karen went on. From the height where she walked she might have seen the expanse of the heath, infinite, not red-brown as usual, but gilt with the golden glory of the sun, that stood as a red-hot globe near the edge of the horizon; but Karen did not look around. It was only when a long, narrow shadow suddenly fell before her feet on the bright field that her attention was aroused. It was a country lad who came across the heath from the west side, and who a moment later wished Karen good-evening. Karen nodded to him "Good-evening, Mads."

Mads Visteson worked on the other Graygaard; he was the son of a man who had lately come from another parish, and had bought a farm on the west side. Mads had only one eye; he had lost the other by accident; but when he spoke with one person only he always managed to show the sound eye; he looked hearty and pleasant.

"Splendid weather, is not it?" said Mads. "It seems to be constant now. Have you had rain to-day?"

"No, we have not. Are you here no longer? I thought you were working for Jeppe Gray."

"I do; but I have been home this morning to see my father."

"H'm—is your father ill?"

"Not exactly; but you have heard that he is a little queer."

Karen had heard about Visti Madson, and she remembered it, for it was odd. He was an honest man. The parish he lived in now had nothing to say against him; he hurt nobody; only at certain times—two or three times a year—he grew so unmanageable that it took five or six men to keep him in bed. Mads told this circumstance, and added:

"I think it is when there is a thunder-storm coming up. The last time he had the attack was on Tuesday night, when the storm was raging and the lightning struck the house of Elias Hansen, east, you know. They sent for the pastor. Now, he thought he could manage my old man alone; but that would not do. What can a pastor do to a thunderstorm? At last father was tired out and the pastor gave him a book of prayers, with a handsome picture in of the man that wrote it, as a frontispiece, and now our father is sitting there the whole day long, looking at it and reading the book. So, of course, he cannot run the farm. Now, we thought that I might have the farm, and the old people might be bought out if he would be reasonable. If it is so I'll have to move next November. Well, that's the long and the short about me. Where do you come from, Karen? Have you had a walk with your sweetheart?"

"I have got no sweetheart."

"The very thing I wanted to hear. If I could only find the right word now, and have you listen kindly, Karen," said Mads.

"What?"

"Yes, to me you always were the first girl on Grayheath. What nonsense! No—from Thorning to Karup, from Velborg to Holstebro, I know no one as handsome and fine as you, Karen; and if I get the farm and the old folks retire, there is none I would rather welcome as as my true wife in honor before the face of God than you, Karen, if you will put up with me and my one eye. I did not lose it in a fight, but through the inscrutable will of the Lord; and now I ask you this question, Karen: Will you come? I am waiting for the true answer of your heart."

Karen answered with an unsteady voice, "Yes, Mads, if you will take me just as I am. You can come home to us some day in the afternoon."

"Then you are my bride," cried Mads, and kissed her.

They separated; Karen went straight home, into her own room, and wept.

[*To be continued.*]

#### MEMORIAL NOTES.

As a poet, the late Prof. F. L. Höedt chiefly gained admiration on account of his critical acumen; as a critic he was principally esteemed on account of his powers as an actor; and as an actor he produced the greatest enthusiasm before he entered the stage. Just now the Danish papers are very liberal with anecdotes relating to him. One *instar omnium*:

On a hot and dusty day, Mr. Höedt, and one of his pupils from the theatrical school, were walking along the *Strandvej*—they were going to make a call in one of the adjacent villas, and when they entered the hall, the young man tried to remove the dust from his boots by a smart blow of his handkerchief. "But gracious me! what are you doing, man?" the professor exclaimed. "Dusty boots are allowed on a day like this, but a dirty handkerchief never."

The paper from which this anecdote is quoted, finds it very characteristic. And so it is, though not exactly in the way the paper thinks of. I will tell the story once more:

On a hot and dusty day, Mr. Höedt and one of his pupils from the theatrical school were walking along the *Strandvej*; they were going to make a call in one of the adjacent villas, and when they entered the hall, the professor tried to remove the dust from his boots by a smart blow of his handkerchief, "for," he said to the young man, "the dirt of your handkerchief concerns only you, but the dust of your boots may concern the whole room."

Thus, you may put Yes for No, Black for White, Up for Down, in everything Prof. F. L. Höedt said or wrote, or did, and it will remain equally significant and equally interesting, for its whole character was a completely empty formalism.

\* \* \*

—I. P. Jacobsen, born April 7, 1847, died May 1, 1885, had the great good fortune to be the first to introduce the Darwinian theories to the Danish public at large by excellent translations of the "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man." He was not the first, however, to broach these ideas in Denmark. But when Dr. (med.) Erik Holst, some ten years earlier, began to speak of the animal kingdom as an evolution, with marked changes, but without breaks, he was hailed with a storm of laughter, which nearly ruined his reputation. In the meantime the soil had been quietly prepared for the new seed, and Jacobsen succeeded, by his translations and essays, in connecting his name with one of the greatest and most decisive impulses intellectual life in Denmark has received during the present century.

As an independent author he met with a similar piece of good fortune. He was the first who really carried out to perfection an acquired style; that is, a style which was not formed as the simple outflow of inspiration, but modeled in accordance with the demands of a consciously elaborated standard. Shortly after 1830, and under the influence of the political movement whose first success was the establishment of the constitution of 1849, Danish style began to decay, to dissolve—that style which had been formed at the opening of the century, on a purely literary issue, by the representatives of the Romantic school, and into which every Dane was born, just as he was born into the language. On the one side, the passions of the time demanded a quicker speech, a more positive expression, a sharper point; on the other side, the extension of the reading public, caused by the growth of political interests, made it necessary to speak more plainly and to explain more fully. But to emancipate one's self from the reigning style, from its conventionalities, its phrases, its rhythms, is an exceedingly difficult task, even when the necessity of so doing becomes very pressing, and the first result of such an attempt is generally dire confusion. All Danish books written between 1840 and 1870—except, of course, those which might as well have been written a century earlier—suffer from an inequality and inconsistency of style, which, with the great writers, such as Søren Kierkegaard, Rasmus Nielsen, etc., sometimes becomes almost characteristic. Thoughts are expressed in one line as flashes of happy intuition, and in the next with a flourish of conventionalities which actually smells of hypocrisy; statements are made in one line with a most impressive directness and simplicity, and in the next with a red-tape pomposity which is suitable only as a cover to a lie; phenomena are described in one line with lightning-like clearness and rapidity, and in the next with that nebulous garrulity which makes the sun himself an obscure spot. After 1864, however, not only the workers but also the readers became aware of this state of affairs, and it was quite natural that, in 1872, the Danish public should receive the first novel of Jacobsen's with great admiration, for it gave the first true example of the new standard of style, though otherwise it contained nothing very remarkable.

Fitness to circumstances, however, is not only a condition of greatness, but an element of greatness; and to have given an age just that which it needed, is a glory which will fade only with the memory of the age itself.

\* \* \*

—H. V. Kaalund, born June 23, 1818, died April 29, 1885, belonged to that class of poets who protest that, hidden in their heart, they have a wonderful sunshine, for which they can find no adequate expression, while the truth is, that they have only a kind of afterglow glittering about their shoulders, which has never penetrated into their blood. Much labor was consequently lost, and many volumes published, which ought never to have been written. But besides this deep-seated mistake there was a strong instinct of truth in Kaalund's nature, and he obeyed it conscientiously, heroically. Under such circumstances a serious effort, even though mistaken, is rarely made entirely in vain, and Kaalund has left a limited number of poems—a score or two—of true poetical impressiveness and high artistic merit.

Between that generation which produced Adam Oehlenschläger, and is represented in history by him, and that gen-

eration which is now living in Denmark, there is a difference so deep and so glaring that, in order to fully understand their connections as monuments in the life of the same people, it seems almost necessary to have seen the one dying off and the other being born. The men of Adam Oehlenschläger were hale, portly fellows, of commanding presence and winning address, with large, open eyes, with few but large gesticulations, with ample but not rapid speech, and with deep, round sonorous voices of magical effect. They had imagination. When they spoke of the wood or the sea, the echoes of the clustered domes of the forest depth rang through the room, and the walls seemed to melt away into a dim, far off horizon of long-rolling, foam-capped waves. For that which is heroic they had a very vivid sense, which they kept alive under very small, almost dwarfed, circumstances, and, whenever they had an opportunity, they proved themselves possessed of the courage of heroism. For the average level of mankind they professed the deepest contempt, though it must be added, that they were good friends and kind neighbors; and that which in any way seemed low, or mean, or hideous, or ugly, they treated as something fiendish, without trace of pity or mercy. They had no sense for the comical; they could laugh only from joy; of virtues they had none; nor had they any vices. Whenever they tried to be virtuous they became unbearable pedants, and when one of them happened to be caught by a vice he was helpless as a child, finding no aid and no warning either within himself or among his surroundings. Their whole morality was their feeling of beauty. Poesy—not poetry, not verse; but that which lies behind the verse, which has created poetry, and which forms one sphere of life beside those of religion and science—poesy formed the substance of their character, and, destitute as they were, of practical impulses and debarred by circumstances from all great activity, their imagination made them poets. To be a poet, or at least an artist, was, indeed, their highest, almost their only aspiration.

In such a circle H. V. Kaalund was born and bred. No wonder, therefore, that he spent his youth in carving and painting and verse-writing, etc. But he did not by nature belong to that circle. He had not its genius; he had only its traditions. He was of a practical nature, and it is to his vigorous and veracious intercourse with practical life, not to any unborn heroic imagination or lyrical elevation of feeling, we owe his fables, his satires, and those excellent poems of a didactic turn, among which the finest and most perfect is *Tankespillet*.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

PROF. K. H. G. v. SCHEELE, of Upsala, has been chosen bishop of Gotland.

THE sculptor Jörgen Larsen, has just finished a bust of the Danish author, M. Goldschmidt.

A STATUE of the Finnish poet, Runeberg, by his son, Walter Runeberg, has recently been unveiled in Helsingfors.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE, the noted Belgian professor of political economy, has gone to Stockholm to deliver a series of lectures.

THE Professorship in Ontogeny and Histology in Lund will remain vacant until 1886, no applicant for the place having come forward.

THE Norwegian Storthing demands of the government that it place the popular dialects on equal footing with the literary Danish-Norwegian language.

THE pastor of the first independent congregation of the Danish Lutheran church, Birkedal, has lately resigned, on account of his people forming a liberal political club and a "rifle club."

HENRIK IBSEN has returned to Norway, on account of his health. He intends now to leave Rome for good, but has not yet decided whether to make his home in Germany or Norway.

MRS. EDGREEN AGRELL and Mrs. Sofie Adlersparre are the first lady members of "Publicistklubben," a society of newspaper workers in Stockholm. Mr. E. Bechmann has been elected president.

PROF. EDV. ERSLEV, demonstrated, recently, in the Royal Danish Geographical Society, that the Engroneland of the brothers Zeno is Greenland, and not Ejderstedt in Sleswick, as supposed by Japetus Steenstrup.

A STATUE of Linnaeus, the great Swedish botanist, was unveiled on May 8, at Stockholm, in the presence of the King, the municipal authorities, the students from Upsala, and great numbers of the people.

THE New York *Nation* has lately contained several articles about Scandinavian matters, especially some items about the late author, J. P. Jacobsen, written with remarkable knowledge of Scandinavian affairs.

EDVARD GRIEG has published "Six Romances, op. 39." The character of the texts from B. Björnson and Heinrich Heine are rendered in a wonderful way. Grieg is always true to himself and his subject, and these songs have all the characteristics of his best compositions.

DR. LINDSTRÖM, the old editor of the conservative *Nya Dagligt Alle handa*, at Stockholm is dead, and has been succeeded by V. Bergstrand, known for his violent attacks on the democratic Norwegian majority in several pamphlets written under the pseudonym of "Marcellus."

A COMMUNICATION from Capt. Sörensen to the Paris Geographical Society suggests, on the basis of observations on the condition of the ice made by himself, that Spitzbergen and Franz Joseph's Land form part of a vast archipelago and are not two wholly distinct territories.

"CONFLICTS, NEW STORIES" is the title of a new book by Oscar Levertin. It seemed for a time as if Norway was going to monopolize the literature of Scandinavia, but now Strindberg, Mrs. Edgreen and O. Levertin, in Sweden, have taken up the discussion of modern problems, as well.

THE so generally correct Chicago *Current* makes the curious mistake of supposing that the 5th of June, the anniversary of the Danish free constitution of 1849, is the celebration of the day when it was decided that Prince Christian, the present king, should succeed King Frederick the Seventh.

PROF. SCHÜBELER, of Christiania, shows in *Naturen* that barley appears to have been cultivated in Scandinavia before any other cereal. In Iceland it was cultivated from the time of colonization (870), down to the year 1400. Recently attempts have been made in Iceland on the re-introduction of a systematic cultivation of this cereal.

At the ceremony of unveiling a statue of Darwin, at the new Natural History Museum, in South Kensington, at

which Prof. Huxley, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Prince of Wales met to honor the memory of one of the greatest of Englishmen, Prof. Huxley called especial attention to the fact that 2,296 contributions to the statue, from persons in all walks of life, had been received from Sweden.

THE question of the sale of liquor played an important rôle in the last Swedish Riksdag. Its sale in small quantities "mindre partihandel," is now generally forbidden. The high license, or payment for the local monopoly of saloons, goes half to the township, one-quarter to the provincial agricultural societies, and one quarter to the county. Its sale is allowed on Saturdays, but forbidden on Sundays.

CANON COOK, in the *Contemporary Review*, gives an interesting paper on the great national epic of Kalevala. A collection of runes (cantos) collected among the Finnish tribes in Finland and Archangel and published in 1835 by Dr. Lennrot. They were translated early into Swedish; later into German, and partially into French. He is not aware of the English translation, published in Boston within the last year.

THE king of Sweden has resolved to award a prize on his sixtieth birthday for some considerable discovery in pure mathematics. This prize consists of a gold medal with the king's portrait; and also of a purse of 2,500 kroner. Mr. Carl Weierstrass, in Berlin; Mr. Charles Hermite, in Paris; and Mr. G. Mittag Leffler are to propose the mathematical questions, and later to report to his Majesty on the value of the different essays.

A RECENT occurrence in Copenhagen is a consequence of the religious liberty which has followed the political freedom in Denmark. A few months since high pontifical mass was celebrated in Copenhagen for the first time since the days of the Reformation, such a service having heretofore been forbidden by law. The Catholics in Denmark now number about three thousand, with twenty-six priests, of whom seven are Danes.

IT appears from a letter in *Nature* that Sophus Tromholt, of Christiania, has succeeded in getting the aurora to make impression on a photographic plate. During an auroral display on March 15 he exposed five plates, four of which (exposed during two to four minutes) showed no trace of action, while the fifth (being exposed eight and one-half minutes) showed a part of the horizon with a high church spire and a feeble representation of part of the aurora.

IT has finally been decided to change the manner of treating diplomatic matters at Stockholm. In the future the king will decide, after having heard three Swedish ministers, together with the three members of the Norwegian Cabinet, residing in Stockholm. This rule puts the Norwegian government on an equal footing with the Swedish. The Norwegian ministers are responsible to the Storthing for their advice. This new arrangement removes a subject of dissatisfaction.

AS AN example of the profits from the Danish dairy race of Jutland cattle is mentioned the accounts upon the farm of Rosvæng, Thy Herred: From November, 1883, to November, 1884, 200 cows produced an average of 5,600 pounds of milk, netting 301 crowns (or about \$80), of which 73 per cent was brought by the butter, an average of

190 pounds per cow (sold at thirty cents per pound), 7 per cent from skimmed milk cheese and 11 per cent from refuse given the hogs, the balance from calves raised.

S. SCHANDORPH's new book, "Fremmed og Hjemligt," "Abroad, and at Home," consists of two parts. The first, tells us an episode of the life of Gozzi, his conflict with Goldoni in Venice. The second is a series of short stories, of which "A Visit to a Sick Person" discusses the leading question of predestination as interpreted by a farmer's wife, who will not have an operation performed on her child by an infidel doctor. The pastor, in trying to conciliate the two extremes, forfeits the good-will of this very orthodox woman of his parish.

M. PAUL MORBAU, of Tours, described in a recent meeting of the "Société Médico Psychologique" the insane asylums of Norway. Three are owned and controlled by the state; five depend on the local authorities (*Komunen*), while two are private. The asylums seem, as a whole, to be conducted in the continental way, having been but little influenced by the more liberal English, and especially Scotch, system. The most marked feature is the large number of insane whose disease is due to religious melancholy, *viz.*, 505, while only six cases were caused by delirium tremens.

A. F. NORDIN, assistant secretary of state, and commissioner of statistics of the state of Minnesota, has issued the sixteenth annual report of the bureau of which he is chief—a comprehensive document, covering the entire growth and progress of the state for 1884. It is a commendable fact, and a matter of pride to the Scandinavians of that state, that out of eighteen reports (sixteen new series and two old series) issued by the department of statistics of Minnesota, twelve have been compiled by Scandinavians. The report for 1884 is a valuable acquisition to the statistics of a state which is without a rival in the character and number of its official historical and statistical publications.

THE political struggle in Denmark continues in the same bitter manner as a month ago. Numerous meetings continue to be held, at which violent speeches from both sides are made, especially, of course, from that of the opposition. Several officials, principally holders of petty offices, like common school teachers and parish constables (*Sognefogeder*) have been dismissed for participation in the rifle associations or for other acts regarded as rebellious. Citizens, and even county commissioners (*Amtsraad*), and town boards (*Sogneraad*), speak about refusing taxes. The outlook for the session of the Rigsdag in the fall is not pleasant, mainly because no end of the present trouble can be discerned.

WE are in receipt of the first of a series of pamphlets devoted to the agitation of political subjects, issued by "Agitations-samfundet den Norske Republik," a society recently formed among the radical Norwegians of Chicago. The work laid down by the founders of the organization is based upon the inspiration of a sentiment uttered by the late Victor Hugo, who, in comparing the people of the United States with those of other republics of the world, said that he felt disappointed in the Americans for what he termed their "lack of idealism;" and that "when the people of France first got the republic they started to republicanize the world; but the Americans are satisfied to leave

others alone as long as they are left alone—making money." The leaders of the society noted above announce that they are doing what Hugo blamed the Americans for not doing.

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